



SURVIVOR

Outreach Services (SOS)

DECEMBER 2011

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TIPS FOR HANDLING THE HOLIDAYS

- **DECIDE WHAT YOU CAN HANDLE COMFORTABLY AND LET FAMILY AND FRIENDS KNOW.** Can I handle the responsibility of the family dinner, etc. or shall I ask someone else to do it? Do I want to talk about my loved one or not? Shall I stay here for the holidays or go to a completely different environment?
- **MAKE SOME CHANGES IF THEY FEEL COMFORTABLE FOR YOU.** Open presents Christmas Eve instead of Christmas morning. Vary the timing of Channukah gift giving. Have dinner at a different time or place. Let the children take over decorating the house, the tree, baking and food preparation, etc.
- **RE-EXAMINE YOUR PRIORITIES: GREETING CARDS, HOLIDAY BAKING, DECORATING, PUTTING UP A TREE, FAMILY DINNER, ETC.** Do I really enjoy doing this? Is this a task that can be shared?
- **CONSIDER DOING SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR SOMEONE ELSE.** Donate a gift in the memory of your loved one. Donate money you would have spent on your loved one as a gift to charity. Adopt a needy family for the holidays. Invite a guest (foreign student, senior citizen) to share festivities.
- **RECOGNIZE YOUR LOVED ONE'S PRESENCE IN THE FAMILY.** Burn a special candle to quietly include your loved one. Hang a stocking for your loved one in which people can put notes with their thoughts or feelings. Listen to music especially liked by the deceased. Look at photographs.
- **IF YOU DECIDE TO DO HOLIDAY SHOPPING, MAKE A LIST AHEAD OF TIME AND KEEP IT HANDY FOR A GOOD DAY, OR SHOP THROUGH A CATALOGUE.**
- **OBSERVE THE HOLIDAYS IN WAYS WHICH ARE COMFORTABLE FOR YOU.** There is no right or wrong way of handling holidays. Once you've decided how to observe the time, let others know.
- **TRY TO GET ENOUGH REST -- HOLIDAYS CAN BE EMOTIONALLY AND PHYSICALLY DRAINING.**
- **ALLOW YOURSELF TO EXPRESS YOUR FEELINGS.** Holidays often magnify feelings of loss. It is natural to feel sadness. Share concerns, apprehensions, feelings with a friend. The need for support is often greater during holidays.
- **KEEP IN MIND THAT THE EXPERIENCE OF MANY BEREAVED PERSONS IS THAT THEY DO COME TO ENJOY HOLIDAYS AGAIN. THERE WILL BE OTHER HOLIDAY SEASONS TO CELEBRATE.**
- **DON'T BE AFRAID TO HAVE FUN.** Laughter and joy are not disrespectful. Give yourself and your family members permission to celebrate and take pleasure in the holidays.

WORDS FROM A GOLD STAR MOTHER

INTERLUDE:

GOLD STAR MOTHERS GRIEVE: ENDLESSLY,
ENDLESSLY, ENDLESSLY.....

These Immortalized Soldiers Whose Bravery Abounds
They're Our Husbands, Fathers, and Sons
They Enlisted For the Duty at Hand
To Serve the Cause of Country and Land:

They Had Honor, They Had Valor,
They Found Glory That Change Them Forever

Men Standing Tall and Proud They be
A Country Behind Them in a Solemn Sea
So Let the Flags of Freedom Fly
Unfurled in Their Majesty High:

In the Sun, In the Rain
In the Winds Across This Land

Years of Tears Has Brought Us Here
Gathering Around to Hear This Sound
So Let the Flags of Freedom Fly
Unfurled in Their Majesty High:

In the Sun, In the Rain,
In the Winds Across This Land



FINDING THE MAGIC

BY SANDY GOODMAN

Once again, it's that time of year. Halloween is over, Thanksgiving is approaching, and Christmas is only a few steps behind. Will this year be different than the last seven? Will I find the magic again? Wait. Let me revise that question: Did I ever feel the magic?

As a bereaved parent, I have experienced only two holiday seasons. While I have physically lived through 49 hell-a-days, emotionally, there have been only two: The ones before and the ones after Jason's death. The two categories are distinctly different.

If memory serves me correctly, which God knows it doesn't always do, I spent the first 42 years focused on material issues. What would I get? What did I want? What would make me the happiest child in the whole world? As I grew older and had my own little family, I spent the next 22 years asking myself what I would get them. What did they want? What would make them love me more? How would I manage to pay for all of it? I always felt there was something missing . . . but didn't really have the time or interest to find that missing something. Besides, why borrow trouble? Each year, by the time I realized that something was missing, the decorations were packed in their boxes and the kids had gone back to school. I could always find the magic next year.

In 1996, Jason died. Suddenly, my life ended its forward march and everything I had ever regarded as important became nonsense. My heart was not simply broken—it was ripped into shreds, emptied of what had fueled it over the span of my life. I had no hope of waiting for it to heal and had to face the reality that only a total reconstruction would suffice. I would have to create a new heart . . . from scratch.

That first fall was difficult. I was still numb, still cushioned from reality, but the pain of Jason's death was beginning to seep in. Then it was Halloween, and the horror of what had happened was upon me. Thanksgiving came with Christmas on its tail, bringing an empty chair, an unbroken wishbone, and silence where laughter had once prevailed.

I was sure it could not get any worse, but life always surprises us. The holidays of 1997 and 1998 were devastating. The numbness that had protected me that first season was gone. Reality had arrived, and I could not escape it. I would never again see Jason walk through our front door with that grin that always made me nervous, tracking snow across my "freshly waxed for the holidays" floor. I would never again buy two of everything for Jason and his twin brother. I would never again . . . enjoy the holidays . . . or life.

Years four through seven, we bought gifts for needy families, hung Jason's stocking right beside the rest of ours, illuminated special candles to include him in our celebrations, and smiled cheerfully at everyone who offered us their joy filled Merry Christmas. And as I spread my Christmas cheer and goodwill toward men, I had only one thought in my mind. It became my mantra: "If I can just make it through December, I will be okay." I was no longer focused on the material side of the season. I was no longer focused on the season at all. I wanted it over.

And now, here I am, at year eight. My eighth season of joy, my eighth year of decking the halls, my eighth year of Jason's physical absence. You probably think I am going to tell you that this year will be no different from the last seven. You might even anticipate that I am going to tell you that it never gets better, that there is no such thing as healing, and that grieving parents will always be bitter and angry, especially during the times when families everywhere celebrate the season of giving. Wrong. But don't feel bad; this revelation has totally shocked me also.

A few days ago, on a cold morning in October, I woke up and was amazed to see that it was snowing. Overnight, the world had gone from brown to pure glistening white. It was beautiful. Later that day, I heard someone in my home actually humming Christmas carols. How dare they!? But . . . I was alone. It was me. That evening, I spent an hour printing up a beautiful green and red Christmas "wish list" with graphics! That was the straw that broke the camel's back. Suddenly, it hit me. And no matter how guilty I feel in acknowledging it, I have to tell you. I am looking forward to the holidays. Oh . . . my . . . GOD. How can this be? Why is this happening?

Well, after much pondering, I think I know why. I think I spent 42 holidays looking through a lens that only focused on black and white, on the physical, on that which can be seen and physically felt. The lavishly wrapped gifts, excessive food, amount of

SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS POEM

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS,
HE LIVED ALL ALONE,
IN A ONE BEDROOM HOUSE MADE OF
PLASTER AND STONE.

I HAD COME DOWN THE CHIMNEY
WITH PRESENTS TO GIVE,
AND TO SEE JUST WHO
IN THIS HOME DID LIVE.

I LOOKED ALL ABOUT,
A STRANGE SIGHT I DID SEE,
NO TINSEL, NO PRESENTS,
NOT EVEN A TREE.

NO STOCKING BY MANTLE,
JUST BOOTS FILLED WITH SAND,
ON THE WALL HUNG PICTURES
OF FAR DISTANT LANDS.

WITH MEDALS AND BADGES,
AWARDS OF ALL KINDS,
A SOBER THOUGHT
CAME THROUGH MY MIND.

FOR THIS HOUSE WAS DIFFERENT,
IT WAS DARK AND DREARY,
I FOUND THE HOME OF A SOLDIER,
ONCE I COULD SEE CLEARLY.

THE SOLDIER LAY SLEEPING,
SILENT, ALONE,
CURLED UP ON THE FLOOR
IN THIS ONE BEDROOM HOME.

THE FACE WAS SO GENTLE,
THE ROOM IN SUCH DISORDER,
NOT HOW I PICTURED
A UNITED STATES SOLDIER.

WAS THIS THE HERO
OF WHOM I'D JUST READ?
CURLED UP ON A PONCHO,
THE FLOOR FOR A BED?

I REALIZED THE FAMILIES
THAT I SAW THIS NIGHT,
OWED THEIR LIVES TO THESE SOLDIERS
WHO WERE WILLING TO FIGHT.

SOON ROUND THE WORLD,
THE CHILDREN WOULD PLAY,
AND GROWNUPS WOULD CELEBRATE
A BRIGHT CHRISTMAS DAY.



THEY ALL ENJOYED FREEDOM
EACH MONTH OF THE YEAR,
BECAUSE OF THE SOLDIERS,
LIKE THE ONE LYING HERE.

I COULDN'T HELP WONDER
HOW MANY LAY ALONE,
ON A COLD CHRISTMAS EVE
IN A LAND FAR FROM HOME.

THE VERY THOUGHT
BROUGHT A TEAR TO MY EYE,
I DROPPED TO MY KNEES
AND STARTED TO CRY.

THE SOLDIER AWAKENED
AND I HEARD A ROUGH VOICE,
"SANTA DON'T CRY,
THIS LIFE IS MY CHOICE;

I FIGHT FOR FREEDOM,
I DON'T ASK FOR MORE,
MY LIFE IS MY GOD,
MY COUNTRY, MY CORPS."

THE SOLDIER ROLLED OVER
AND DRIFTED TO SLEEP,
I COULDN'T CONTROL IT,
I CONTINUED TO WEEP.

I KEPT WATCH FOR HOURS,
SO SILENT AND STILL
AND WE BOTH SHIVERED
FROM THE COLD NIGHT'S CHILL.

I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE
ON THAT COLD, DARK, NIGHT,
THIS GUARDIAN OF HONOR
SO WILLING TO FIGHT.

THEN THE SOLDIER ROLLED OVER,
WITH A VOICE SOFT AND PURE,
WHISPERED, "CARRY ON SANTA,
IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY, ALL IS SECURE."

ONE LOOK AT MY WATCH,
AND I KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.
"MERRY CHRISTMAS MY FRIEND,
AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT."



GIFTS, GARLANDS, AND GRIEF

BY SANDY GOODMAN

I remember our first Christmas after. It began the first week of November in 1997, three short months into our worst nightmare, but a lifetime into missing our child of eighteen years. He had died suddenly, one of those "in the wrong place at the wrong time" things, and he took our hearts with him when he left. Summer screeched to a halt and autumn came and went without our participation.

Still standing in confusion at the threshold of grief, we were stunned when the stores replaced the gloomy ghosts and goblins with sparkling ornaments and cheerful decorations. Neighbors strung lights on their houses, friends sent cards wishing us joy filled holidays, and not one person mentioned Jason's name. Closing our drapes, we huddled in our cocoon, waiting for his return.

Thanksgiving passed. I recall the empty chair, the unbroken wishbone, and more turkey than three of us could eat. There was an unwatched football game and a failed attempt at gratitude. That was our day, and it was good enough. It was inconceivable that we would ever enjoy another holiday, much less be thankful for it.

Snow fell. Carols rang out, lights twinkled, church bells pealed. Our thoughts were of Jason, fixed more acutely on his departure than on his arrival eighteen years before. Memories of prior Decembers pervaded our present. Jason ice fishing. Jason sledding. Jason's birthday. Jason opening gifts. Jason throwing tinsel on the tree, on his brothers, and on the dog. Every memory brought tears but every tear brought Jason closer to us. We found him in the pain, the only place we knew how to get to. I believe that first Christmas had to be that way. Showing up was the best we could do.

But now it is six trees, six silent nights, and six collectable ornaments later. I've learned a few things about this path I'm on and found a few crutches for when the road gets too rough. Holidays can be disabling for those who grieve. I'd like to share some things that might help:

Believe that your loved one is with you. Include them in your celebrations and in your sadness. Include them when you talk with others about old times and holidays past. If you don't mention them, no one else will.

Talk to THEM. They hear your thoughts...and if you listen, you can hear their replies.

Light candles. For six years now I have lit a special candle for my son. This year I will light five, one for each of us, living or not. Why perpetuate the myth of separation? Jason is still a part of this family.

Do good things in celebration of your loved one's life. Random Acts of Kindness (<http://www.actsofkindness.org/>) bring smiles to everyone involved. Buy anonymous gifts, scoop snow from a stranger's sidewalk, or light candles at unmarked graves.

Connect with your loved one who has died. Buy yourself a holiday reading with a reputable medium, take a meditation class, create a special place to go to where you can feel their presence.

Call a newly bereaved friend or neighbor and invite them to reminisce with you. Cry with them, listen to them, share your journey.

Give to an organization that your loved one supported. Make a memory tree. Buy a small tree and decorate it with tokens of their life. Don't worry about what others will think. You are solely in charge of this journey. It's all yours.

Love someone who is grieving? Lost as far as how to help them through this upcoming season? Any of the above suggestions can be adapted (i.e. give money in celebration of their loved one's life and tell them about it, make them a memory tree, buy them a reading with a medium) to fit your needs. However, there are two gifts that you can give to a person deep in the pit of grief that will mean more than anything else:

Undivided attention

Unconditional acceptance of their journey, wherever it leads them

FINDING THE MAGIC CONT...

money spent, and glittering (sometimes gaudy) lights on the tree. The next seven were spent looking through a lens that was distorted and scarred by grief. I focused on what was missing rather than on what was still here. I think I wanted it that way.

But now, I feel I've learned how to not only endure—but to enjoy—a memory that can only be defined as bittersweet. I've come to appreciate that feeling emotional is really about feeling impassioned. And I think this year, as the songs start to play on the radio and the cards begin filling our mailbox, I will choose a different lens, a lens that captures that which we cannot see or physically touch. A lens that goes beyond.

Not everything will change. I will still hang Jason's stocking beside ours, buy gifts for the needy, light candles in his memory, and all of the other things that have made the last seven years bearable. But this year, I hope to do these things with joy rather than with bitterness and sorrow. This year, I want to grasp the hand of a homeless mother, kiss the cheek of a newborn baby, and hold a kitten while it plays in the place where kittens go to dream. I want to watch Santa as he holds wiggly toddlers on his lap. I want to sing "Silent Night" on a snowy night in mid-December when it feels as if all the world is sleeping. I want to feel the Christmas that we cannot see.

This year, I want to remember who I really am. I want to enjoy the months ahead. Not because I need to or because someone says it's time to—but because—well, because I can. This year, I want to find the magic before it is time to put away the boxes. And I won't stop searching until I find it.

LEGEND OF THE TEAR JAR

In the dry climate of ancient Greece, water was prized above all. Giving up water from one's own body, when crying tears for the dead, was considered a sacrifice. They caught their precious tears in tiny pitchers or "tear jars" like the one shown below. The tears became holy water and could be used to sprinkle on doorways to keep out evil, or to cool the brow of a sick child.



The tear jars were kept unpainted until the owner had experienced the death of a parent, sibling, child, or spouse. After that, the grieving person decorated the tear jar with intricate designs, and examples of these can still be seen throughout modern Greece.

This ancient custom symbolizes the transformation that takes place in people who have grieved deeply. They are not threatened by the grief of people in pain. They have been in the depths of pain themselves, and returned. Like the tear jar, they can now be with others who grieve and catch their tears.

A SOLDIER'S CHILD BIRTHDAY FOUNDATION

The inspiration for A Soldiers Child Birthday Foundation came while Daryl Mackin, founder, was preparing for his own 6 year old son's surprise birthday party. Like most parents, he was easily caught up in all of the "chores" required to pull off the birthday.

I quickly lost sight of the joy of the moment. I was sitting at my computer at work, where on my wall I have a memorial of Staff Sgt. Marc Golczynski. Marc is the son of my neighbors, Henry and Fay Golczynski, and a fallen soldier of the Iraq war. I also have a very moving picture of Marc's son Christian receiving his father's flag. This photo by Aaron Thompson won photo of the year. It went all over the world. As I finished typing out my son's invitations and gave a big sigh of frustration, I looked up at my wall and was immediately convicted in my spirit for my negative attitude. My heart turned to Christian Golczynski, who will never be able to have a party planned by his dad.

There are many children like Christian that will never receive another birthday gift from their father/mother because they gave their life while defending our freedoms. Likewise, the fallen soldier will never be able to give their child a surprise birthday

REMEMBRANCE DAY NATIONAL ROLL CALL

SCHOOLS RALLY TO HONOR THE FALLEN

Following the 10th anniversary of the September 11 tragedy, Veterans Upward Bound at Yavapai College in Prescott, Arizona has joined a nationwide grass-roots effort to honor American service men and women who paid the ultimate sacrifice in Iraq and Afghanistan during the past decade.

Campus and community volunteers will be participating in Remembrance Day National Roll Call at more than 145 colleges and universities across the nation. Over 6,200 names will be read of the casualties of Operation Enduring Freedom (OEF) and Operation Iraqi Freedom (OIF), now called Operation New Dawn. Each campus will organize its own reading of names and will observe at 11 a.m. a minute of silence.

The reading of the names will take nearly eight hours to complete as readers announce the names in chronological order.

The Veterans Knowledge Community of NASPA Student Affairs Administrators in Higher Education sponsors the Remembrance Day National Roll Call. NASPA is a 12,000-member association for the advancement, health, and sustainability of the student affairs professionals. The Veterans Knowledge Community (VKC) mission is to advocate for best practices to help student veterans transition to college and succeed. As the National Roll Call sponsor, the goal of VKC is to have at least one institution in each of the 50 states participate in the event.

Lt. Col. (Ret) Brett Morris, the National Roll Call coordinator, said, "We wanted to rally campus communities across the nation to send a powerful message to the troops currently serving that their peers have not forgotten their sacrifices, or those of the fallen."

"The reading of individual names is very poignant because it emphasizes the significance of each and every life lost," said Morris, a retired Army officer and the associate director for veterans affairs at Eastern Kentucky University. "Like the names inscribed at the new 9-11 Memorial in New York, each of the fallen deserves to be remembered for their sacrifice. There is no effort to raise money or promote individual programs. The event is simply to honor those who have sacrificed so much on our behalf."

The National Roll Call is grateful to iCasualties.org for the steadfast recording of the fallen over the past ten years, from which the names of the fallen have been derived. For information about the Veterans Upward Bound Roll Call event at Yavapai College contact Deborah Pfingston – Veterans Upward Bound Program Manager – (928) 717-7688 or visit va.eku.edu/rollcall to see a list of participating schools.

FOUNDATION CONT...

party, a bicycle for their son, a necklace for their daughter, or financial assistance for their child's first car or pursuit of higher education.

U.S. Marine Staff Sgt. Marcus Andrew "Marc" Golczynski (Christian's father) wrote this in a letter to his mother shortly before he died in combat:

We are warriors... we fight and sometimes die so that our families don't have to... Stand beside us.

This is the intention of A Soldier's Child Birthday Foundation.

As citizens of the United States of America, we are forever indebted to the men and women who so unselfishly protect our freedoms. It is our objective to communicate through A Soldiers Child to the children left behind that the memory of their parent will not fade away. We want them to know that there are many Americans that are forever grateful for their parent's sacrifice.

With humbleness of heart we aim to honor the memory of the parent by giving a meaningful gift to his/her children on their birthday. Christian Golczynski was the first child to receive a gift from ASC, and our goal is to reach every soldier's child, adopting them into the foundation until they are of adult age. We cannot substitute the bond and love of the parent that is forever gone, but with your help we can show them that we really do care.

GIFTS, GARLANDS, AND GRIEF CONT.

BY SANDY GOODMAN

I won't end this article with a wish that you have your merriest Christmas ever. I know that for some of you that is not possible or even desirable. Instead, my wish for you is this: That you find a quiet moment during the sometimes magical but often horrendous season upon us and relax. That you take a few deep breaths, close your eyes, and envision your friend, child, parent, sibling, spouse, grandparent, or partner. That you accept that dead doesn't mean GONE. That you send out a "Merry Christmas" and "I love you" and then BELIEVE when you hear his or her whispered reply of "I love you, too. Merry Christmas."

Sandy Goodman is the author of *Love Never Dies: A Mother's Journey from Loss to Love* (Jodere Group, 2002), and the founder and chapter leader of the Wind River Chapter of The Compassionate Friends. In 2003, Sandy will speak at the National Compassionate Friends Conference in Atlanta.

COPING WITH GRIEF DURING THE HOLIDAYS

HOSPICE FOUNDATION OF AMERICA'S NEW CAMPAIGN OFFERS ADVICE

Washington, DC - A question commonly asked by bereaved people at this time of year is, "How can I get through the holidays?" There is really no single answer of what one should or shouldn't do. Hospice Foundation of America stresses one guiding principle: do what is comfortable.

"When we are already experiencing the great stress of bereavement, the additional strains of the holidays can create unbearable pressure," commented Jack Gordon, President of HFA. "The key to coping with grief during the holidays is to find the way that is right for you."

Some people find it helpful to be with family and friends, emphasizing the familiar. Others may wish to avoid old sights and sounds, perhaps even taking a trip. Others will find new ways to acknowledge the season.

Here are some key points from HFA's Holiday Grief Campaign:

- Plan for the approaching holidays. Be aware that this might be a difficult time for you. The additional stress may affect you emotionally, cognitively, and physically; this is a normal reaction. It is important to be prepared for these feelings.
- Recognize that holidays won't be the same. If you try to keep everything as it was, you'll be disappointed. Doing things a bit differently can acknowledge the change while preserving continuity with the past.
- Be careful not to isolate yourself. It's alright to take time for yourself but don't cut yourself off from the support of family and friends.
- The holidays may affect other family members. Talk over your plans. Respect their choices and needs, and compromise if necessary.
- Avoid additional stress. Decide what you really want to do, and what can be avoided.

As part of their campaign to educate and assist people at this time of the year, HFA produces several resources. This includes a special Holiday issue of their Journeys bereavement newsletter, an educational feature article distributed across the country and available for reprint, and HFA's Living With Grief brochure series. A special Internet Chat Session set for December 1st, 11:00am - 12noon on www.healthAtoZ.com, with senior consultant Kenneth Doka, Ph.D. focuses on grief during the holidays.

PENNIES ON A GRAVE

History

Traditionally, coins were left on grave markers as a sign that the deceased was well-loved and respected. They were markers that this grave had been visited, that guests had been present to pay respects. In fact, coins were seen on graves long before people began leaving flowers, which is a relatively recent practice (a few hundred years old).

Beliefs

Some cultures believed that coins paid for one's journey in the afterlife. In Greek mythology, money was used to pay the ferryman, Charon, for safe passage across the river Styx. The legend claimed that those without money to present to Charon would be left to wander the shores of the damned for all eternity.

Favors

Coins left at graves also have been used as a way to ask a favor of the deceased, perhaps to help solve a problem or to acquire something in particular. Others have claimed to leave coins in supplication to a god, similar to an offering at a church or religious organization, or as an offering to God to make sure that the deceased is all right in the afterlife.

Benjamin Franklin's Impact

The American tradition of leaving pennies on the grave dates back to Benjamin Franklin's funeral, when his grave was covered in pennies left by the thousands who came from around the country to pay their respects. It's easy to see that the more pennies left on the grave, the more esteem was bestowed on the deceased by the public.

In God We Trust

Finally, some believe that leaving pennies on a grave is a symbol of the words on the coin: "In God We Trust." Those leaving the pennies are offering up to God their trust for the deceased, and for themselves, the living.

SUPPORT GROUP DATES

West Valley Support Group:

- 08 December 2011 at 6pm
- 12 January 2012 at 6pm
- 09 February 2012 at 6pm

East Valley Support Group:

- 15 December 2011 at 6pm
- 26 January 2012 at 6pm
- 23 February 2012 at 6pm

"At Christmas
play and make
good cheer,
for Christmas
comes but
once a year." -

Thomas Tusser

Upcoming Prescott Support Group:

- 19 January 2012 at 2pm to 4pm and 6pm to 8pm.
- Location during the day will be at Yavapai Community College at 1100 E. Sheldon Street, Prescott, AZ 86301.
- Location in the evening will be at the Prescott Vet Center at 3180 Stillwater Drive Suite A, Prescott, AZ 86305.

Wreaths Across America Reminder!!!

10 December 2011 at 10am.

PEARL HARBOR REMEMBRANCE DAY IN ARIZONA

December 7, 2011

10:55 a.m.

Wesley Bolin Plaza

Phoenix, AZ

70 Years of Memories

December 4, 2011

11:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m.

The University of Arizona Student Union Auditorium

Tucson, AZ

* Luncheon will be served immediately after the service at the Student Union at a cost of \$30.00. For tickets, please call Tom Heaney at 520-648-0869.

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Survivor Outreach Services Coordinator, Contractor Army Survivor Outreach (SOS) Program
5636 East McDowell Road, Bldg M5710 Attn: SOS Phoenix, Arizona 85008-3495

RESOURCES

Education Websites

Army Family Programs
www.arfp.org

Beaumont Foundation of America
www.bmtfoundation.com

Camp Solari
www.solarihospice.com/go2/solari-kids-camp.cfm

Child Grief Education Association
www.childgrief.org/

Children of Fallen Heroes
www.cfsrf.org

Children of Fallen Patriots Foundation
www.fallenpatriots.org

Children of Fallen Soldiers Relief Fund
www.cfsrf.org

Fisher House Foundation
www.fisherhouse.org

Folds of Honor Foundation
www.foldsofhonor.org

Scholarships

Spouse/Caregiver Spring 2012 Scholarship
<http://www.hopeforthewarriors.org/scholareligh.html>

FRY Scholarship
http://www.gibill.va.gov/documents/factsheets/fry_scholarship.pdf

Pat Tillman Scholarship
http://www.gibill.va.gov/resources/education_resources/Tillman_Scholarship.html

<http://www.foldsofhonor.org/scholarships>

<http://militaryscholar.org/index.html>

TRICARE

General number: 1-888-363-5433

North region: 1-877-874-2273

West region: 1-888-874-9378

South region: 1-800-444-5445

<http://www.tricare.mil>

Additional Resources

Military OneSource
<http://www.militaryonesource.com>

Army Survivor Benefits

1-800-626-3317

<http://www.armycasualty.army.mil>

Navy Survivor Benefits

1-800-368-3202

<http://www.npc.navy.mil/CommandSupport/>

Marine Corps Survivor Benefits

1-800-847-1597

<http://www.manpower.usmc.mil>

Air Force Survivor Benefits

1-800-433-0048

<http://ask.afpc.randolph.af.mil>

Coast Guard Survivor Benefits

<http://www.uscg.mil/ppc/ras/sbp.asp>

Please visit us on our website: <http://www.azguard.gov/families/SOS.htm>